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for the hundredth time, and this shall be my last word: Have faith, the faith which removes mountains, the faith which is victorious over the world, and your lives on this earth will not be useless.

Notes from Japan.

By Gilbert Bowles, Secretary of the American Peace Society of Japan.

Special Issue of the Osaka Asahi.—With the assistance of the energetic executive secretary of the Osaka branch of the Japan Peace Society, Mr. N. Kato, the *Osaka Asahi* (*Morning Sun*), which is said to have the largest circulation of any newspaper in Japan, published a special peace issue on June 23. It was illustrated with cuts of Andrew Carnegie, the Hague Peace Palace, and Dr. Charles W. Eliot, the visit of the latter to Japan furnishing a natural occasion for the peace issue.

Prof. Payson J. Treat, associate professor of history in Leland Stanford University, in charge of the History of the Nations on the Pacific, recently visited Japan in the interests of his department. Although his stay was too short for a lecture program, he met some of the peace workers, and Baron Sakatani, executive vice-president of the Japan Peace Society, arranged a private luncheon, inviting a few leading historians.

A Peace Map of the World.—The July issue of "New Japan," a well-known magazine, contains a map, prepared by Mr. S. Tomiyama, former executive secretary of the Japan Peace Society, showing the location of all of the known peace societies in the world.

Fire Destroys Office of Japan Peace Society.—Early on the morning of July 1, the building belonging to the Tokyo Statistical Society, in which was located the office of the Japan Peace Society, was destroyed by fire. Important records and some peace literature were burned. The building will soon be reconstructed on the same spot, near the Imperial Hotel. The office of the Peace Society is temporarily located near by in the Chuaisha (printing house), 19 Hachikancho, Kyobashi, Tokyo.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot in Japan.—After many months of expectant waiting, Japan welcomed Dr. Charles W. Eliot on June 14, the preceding months having been spent in India, China, and Korea. His full program of dinners, interviews, and addresses, arranged by the Harvard Club, continued until his departure for San Francisco on July 13.

Dr. Eliot's addresses in Osaka and Kyoto were given wide publicity through the press. In Tokyo, besides after-dinner speeches before the Association of America's Friends, the International Press Association, the newly-organized branch of the Japan Society, numerous other organizations and the leading universities, he gave one public address under the auspices of the Japan Peace Society, the American Peace Society of Japan, and the Japan branch of the International Peace Forum. The hall of Central University was packed full an hour before the opening. Dr. Eliot's address on the aims of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace was well interpreted by Professor Ishikawa, of the Higher Normal School. Baron Sakatani, vice-president of the Japan Peace Society, presided, and the American Ambassador, Hon. Charles Page Bryan, was among those who gave brief welcome addresses.

On July 5, Count Okuma, acting as president of the Japan Peace Society and chancellor of Waseda University, gave a luncheon in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Eliot, Miss Eliot, and Mr. Roger Pierce, Dr. Eliot's private secretary.

On the afternoon before their departure from Japan Dr. and Mrs. Eliot gave a tea to their many old and new friends at the Koishikawa (Tokyo) Botanical Gardens.

Executive Vice-President of the Japan Peace Society Becomes Mayor of Tokyo.—Upon the resignation of Mayor Ozaki, Baron Y. Sakatani, ex-minister of finance, executive vice-president and director of the Japan Peace Society, has been chosen by the City Assembly to fill the vacancy, all three of the parties urging him to accept the position. The imperial approval was given today. He has been especially selected for his integrity and his recognized ability as a practical financier.

TOKYO, July 13, 1912.

Labor's International Action for Peace.

The following account of an effort which is being made in Great Britain by labor leaders to get the opinion of all British labor and Socialist organizations in regard to a combined effort of workers to prevent war between nations is of extraordinary interest. It is from the *London Chronicle* of August 16:

"The growing sense of the international solidarity of labor is reflected in a remarkable appeal that has just been addressed to every organization affiliated with the Labor party and the British section of the International Socialist Bureau. The appeal, which is signed by Mr. Keir Hardie, M. P., chairman, and Mr. Arthur Henderson, M. P., secretary, embodies the following questions to which an answer is requested not later than September 30 next:

"(1) Are you in favor of the organized working-class movements of all countries being asked to come to a mutual agreement by which, in the event of war being threatened between any two or more countries, the workers of those countries would hold themselves prepared to try to prevent it by a mutual and simultaneous stoppage of work in the countries affected?

"(2) Have you any suggestion to put forward or remarks to make on the proposal, or on the conditions necessary to its being made effective?"

"Messrs. Hardie and Henderson, in their joint appeal, refer to the fact that the question of the international co-operation of the working-classes with a view to the preventing of war was discussed at length at the International Socialist Congress at Copenhagen in 1910. The main discussion turned on a suggestion emanating from the British I. L. P. as to whether a stoppage of work by the workers in any two countries between whom war was threatened could be made effective in preventing war breaking out. It was finally agreed to refer this question to the International Bureau to prepare a report on the subject for the International Congress at Vienna in 1913, based on the ascertained opinion of the organized workers themselves.

"The British section of the International Socialist Bureau now desires information to enable it to prepare an authoritative report for presentation to the International Bureau."

We quote the following passages from this appeal, which is given in full in the current issue of the *Labor Leader*:

"Those who support an anti-war strike do so not as an alternative to political action, but as supplemental to that action, and only to be used as a last resort, where political action is not yet sufficiently developed to prevent it.

"Take, by way of illustration, the case of Germany and this country. The German Reichstag has 397 members all told, of whom 110 members are Social Democrats, representing 4,250,000 electors. These would undoubtedly put up a formidable fight against war on the floor of the Reichstag.

"A like remark applies to the Labor party in our country, numbering 41 in a House of Commons containing 670 members.

"A tremendous backing would undoubtedly be given to this fierce struggle for peace by the Parliamentary representatives were it known that in both cases the trade unions had a firmly grounded understanding, mutually arranged, to cease work, if need be, rather than tamely sit still and allow their masters and rulers, backed by the powerful influence of the capitalist press, to force war upon them."

War the Destroyer

By Robert J. Burdette, D. D.

[From the Sunday School Times of June 8.]

"Hell's only two miles ahead of you!" shouted the cavalryman with the voice of a prophet, mounted on a foam-flecked horse black as midnight. He thundered down the column in a whirlwind of yellow dust, stormed with our cheers, for like an echo to his words we heard the dull "boom-boom" of a distant battery, and we caught the battle madness with the dust cast up like the smoke of an incantation by those flying hoofs.

Colonel McClure flung his arms apart in a gesture of command, and with cheers yet more deafening and hearts beating high with anticipation, the column broke with orderly disorder as we sprang to the preliminary work of destruction; for a battle always begins with destruction, before ever a shot is fired.

The colonel's gesture, clearly understood when his voice could not be heard, sent us like human cyclones leaping at the fences that hemmed the road. Such a beautiful country we were marching through, that summer day—a park for loveliness, a granary for fertility. Low hills whose wooded crests smiled on the cornfields that ran down to the emerald meadows; a creek meandering across the plantations, loitering in its broad and shallow bends to photograph the white clouds posing against the soft turquoise skies; stately old plantation homes with their colonial architecture; the little villages of negro quarters in the rear; pleasant orchards and fragrant gardens.

How beautiful they were, those sweet old Southern homes! And dear and fair some of them still stand, here and there in the New South, amid the rush and clatter of modernity and progress, of steam and electricity, gasoline, automobiles and airships, tourists and promoters and prospectors, iron furnaces and coal mines. Not as scolding protests against progress, de-

velopment, and prosperity—they are too gentle for that. They stand rather as beautiful memories of all that was sweetest and fairest and best in the Old South. What colonial grace in their white-columned verandas. What stateliness in the heavy cornice; what welcome of hospitality in the spacious doors with their old-time "side-lights," and in the sunny smiles of the many-windowed front. The shadow of pathos rests upon them now, tenderly as the sun-kissed haze of Indian summer days. They temper our nervous desire for "newness;" they correct our taste for architectural frenzies of many-gabled deformities and varicolored creosote "complexions." They are of the old order, which, like the Old Guard, dies, but never surrenders to modern changes. They stood here before the war. They have been deluged with woe. They have been baptized in sorrows, the bitterness and depth of which our Northern homes never knew—cannot know—please God, never will know. And some of their anguish have been the common sorrows of all homes in war times—the heartache of bereaved motherhood; the agony of widowhood; the loneliness of the orphaned. The loving Father of us all has made the sorrow that is common a healing balm that makes holy and tender the bitterness of the cruel past. The kisses that rained on the faces of the dead have blossomed into the perfumed lilies of consolation for the living.

A JUNE DAY CYCLONE.

And framing all that picture that lay along the line of march that June day, joining and separating all the fields with their zigzag embroidery, picked out here and there with the greenery of wild vines, and stitching in the winding yellow roadway as though it were a dusty river, were the old rail fences, picturesque in weather-beaten grays with the artistic trimmings of clambering festoons of leaf and blossom. A moment before our souls were drinking in this beauty until a little ache of homesickness added the bitter-sweet to the esthetic draught. Then, as the wild shouting ended, far as the length of the column wound along that road, there wasn't a panel of fence to be seen. Not one. Months of cheery toil it had taken to fence that highway out and shut the green fields in with a legal fence, "horse high, pig tight, and bull strong." Now as we picked up our grounded muskets or took them from the "stack," we looked upon an open country. A cyclone could not have accomplished the destruction more completely.

The fences had been a protection to the young wheat and the growing corn. They were the defenders of hungry men and women, of little children, white and black, who would cry for bread but for these barriers against marauding foes. The crooked lines of the old rail fence wore the dignity of high office. But now they were in the way. When there is going to be a fight the first thing is to prepare the ring. And war demands not a pent-up little twenty-four foot, rope-enclosed space, but many square miles in which its champions may maneuver. Its mighty wrestlers—Life and Death—must have abundant room. You build a platform and you construct a ring for your ordinary prize-fighters and wrestlers. But when real soldiers are going to give an exhibition of real fighting with the bare hand, the cold steel, and the hot shell, you first destroy the country over which they are to fight. You set fire to